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That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken to-day eases the backache of tomerrow-taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't delay. What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1896 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly cails GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

and robust.

GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Hanriem Gil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Hanriem, Holland. But he sure to get GOLD MEDAL Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists in scaled packages three sizes. Money refunded if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. Adv.

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PARID DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh
that cannot be cured by the use of
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in
my presence this 6th day of December.
A. D. 1886.
(Beal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.
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on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.
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## UNDER FIRE

A European War story based on the drama of ROI COOPER MEGRUE

SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Wil-The chief characters are Ethel Willoughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident or Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Stretman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England.

In this installment is given a remarkable picture of Belgian village life-its peacefulness and hopefulness-just before the German host swept the little nation in 1914. You will enjoy Charlie Brown's meeting with the innkeeper, and sympathize with old Henri in his pathetic effort to reassure his frightened daughter of her safety. You will thrill at the meeting of spies.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Capt. Larry Redmond, a British spy, discusses plans with a French spy in a Belgian village inn.

CHAPTER XI-Continued.

Larry swiftly cautioned him to be careful.

"Pardon! A slip of the tongue!" his ally apologized. "You have arranged matters as I planned with your General Jacques?"

Larry asked "Yes! Last night we have strung a wire from the fort to this inn. Even now the end of it is daugling in that chimney." He nodded toward the huge fireplace across the room. "I have outside a telephone. . . . I wait

only the opportunity to connect the in-

"Now sit over there!" Larry commanded, waving the man to a chair at one of the tables. The fellow obeyed him without question. And after a quick survey of the place to make sure that there were no eavesdroppers, Captain Redmond joined him.

"Good!" he said. "Now, the Germans will be here tonight," he confided, as he seated himself upon the table and leaned toward his fellow-spy.

"So soon?" "They march fast," Larry said. Here the road forks. One turns to the left, the other to the right. The safety of your fort depends on which

road they take." "I know," the other assented.



'The Germans Will Be Here Tonight."

on their arrival a woman will send us word by our telephone."

Larry had not learned that. "A woman?" he exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"I do not know, m'sieu." "Is she here now?" Larry persisted. A suspicion had suddenly swept across his mind, filling him half with hope, half with fear, that the unknown woman might be Ethel Willoughby.

The Frenchman shook his head. "No, m'sieu, I wait her return," he explained.

"She was not, perhaps, a Madame de Lorde-" Larry mused.

"I was not told her name, m'sleu. I am to find her by code."

"I thought possibly it might be a Madame de Lorde," Larry told him. the table onto his feet. "Still, no mat- lady lodger!" ter!" he added, as the French spy

looked at him a bit too inquiringly. glanced up quickly from his newspa-You can depend on this woman?" he per. He had not known that there was inquired.

The fellow shrugged his shoulders. "She serves General Jacques. He to be the person for whom he was on no reason for dissembling. If trouble rusts her." he replied, as if that fact the lookout. absolved him of responsibility.

"Explain everything carefully to ing here in Courvoisier?" little Jeanne her," Larry cautioned him.

"Everything, m'sleu!" the little man promised. "Shall you return here later?" he asked, as Larry started to cort. leave him.

"I do not know if my regiment will stop here, or if it will go on; so I must rely on you and the woman," know if the attack be direct or by a flanking movement."

announced. And then he exclaimed quickly, in French, "Vous avez raison!"

less than the inflection of warning in his voice, brought Captain Redmond around sharply; and he saw that they were no longer alone. It was the innkeeper, Henri Christophe, who had come back to serve his leisurely pat-

gentlemen! Something to drink?" Christophe asked them, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the feel of good coin in them. Summunion "No, thank you! My friend is leav-

> ing now," the Frenchman said. "But I will be back soon," Larry promised. And with that Henri Christophe had to be content.

Again the indefat.gable r reader returned to his fa · pastime, while Henri Christophe .egarded him with a mild pensiveness. The felthe past two days; but he had been altogether too abstemious to suit the pro- shoes. And now he gazed mournfully prietor's notions of what was due him from a guest. And then all at once old Henri's face turned happy once more, at the sight of a quaint little creature who tripped into the room and called to him:

"Ah, father! You are home again! What news of the war?" "Nothing, ma petite!" he said. Nothing! Do not be alarmed."

"But all say the Germans are coming through Belgium," she told him plaintively.

Her remark seemed to exasperat him. What with poor business, and the worry of the last few days-for Henri Christophe did not entirely share the complacency of his more patrons regarding rumors the the air—what with those things trouble him his patience had become

trouble him his patience had become finespun. The good God knew that he did not desire war to sweep over his fatherland. He hoped passionately that it might escape that calamity. And dreading it as he did, he took occasion, whenever the possibility. whenever the possibility was mentioned, to denounce the contingency as being beyond reason. Somehow, he derived comfort simply from asserting his disbelief in such a thing.

"All say it!" he repeated after her with an irritation which was strange in him. "So always it is with you women-vou exaggerate every rumor." he cried. "I tell you-your father-we are a neutral country. All the big nations they have promised us that our land is safe from invasion. It is nearly a hundred years since they gave us their word and always they have kept

"But still I am frightened," his daughter reaffirmed. She was, in truth. a timid little thing-just the sort to he thrown into a twitter of excitement over a mouse-or a war. It mattered not what one might tell her to calm her. She would still be alarmed. And now Jeanne looked up at her father with such fear in her great dark eyes that he forgot his anger in his attempt to soothe her.

"But why?" he asked her more gently. "They did not come through our country in 1870 in the Franco-Prussian war. Why should they now? The Germans make much money from us and we from them. They are our friends. . . . No. ma petite, thanks to God we need fear nothing."

"I hope, father, you may be right," she said, albeit somewhat doubtful still.

"You shall see! You shall see!" he reassured her. He made his way to the cigar counter and busied himself setting things to rights there. "What worries me far more than the Germans, my little one," he went on, 'what worries me is that we have so few Americans automobiling this summer. Always in August there are many; and they pay well."

"Perhaps it is the Germans who keep them away," she ventured unhappily.

"Will you cease?" he cried angrily. 'Always you talk of the Germans. Soon you will have me nervous like you," he complained, as if he were not already that.

"I am sorry, mon pere," she said in filial repentance.

"There, there!" he exclaimed, as if ashamed that he had chided her. "I 'Until two days ago we were work- did not mean to be cross. Come! Foring together in Brussels. Then I had get your fears and pray to your saints to leave. . . . I thought she might that business will be better. To think have come this way." He slipped off that in August we have only that one

At his remark the French spy a lady staying in the house. And he wondered whether she might not prove

-lady to stay in an inn without an es-"That I do not know-nor do I care,

asked her father. It was not quite the

usual thing for a foreign-or any other

ma petite," Henri Christophe said. "She is not French as she says. One may tell from her accent," the girl re-Captain Redmond warned him. "Re- marked. It was patent that her wommember-it is imperative your general an's curiosity had been aroused by their feminine guest.

"But she pays, my little one-and "Yes, yes! . . . Now I shall get she minds her own business," her fa-the telephone," the Gallic gentleman ther responded. "Let us do likewise. . . . Wipe off the table yonder!" be directed Jeanne, as if he would give her something to think of that would His change to his own language, no take her mind off such idle thoughts.

Little Jeanne took the cloth from a nearby book and proceeded to polish the table top at which the two peasants had lately sat. And while she was thus engaged their too frugal French guest folded up his paper, rose, and left them.

CHAPTER XII.

Lost-A War!

A stranger-unmistakably American -pedaled a decrepit bicycle up to the very threshold of the Lion d'Or before he threw a leg wearily over the rear wheel and stood there, leaning heavily upon the handle bars and saddle. It was Charlie Brown, though his best friend might not have recognized him without some difficulty. He was both low had loafed much in his inn during dirty and disheveled, and hot and tired as well. Dust lay thick upon his

into the inn, somewhat as a thirst

parched wanderer in a desert might have looked upon an oasis, with its promise of shade and cooling water. Henri Christophe did not see him at first, for his broad back was toward the street. But he sprang up quickly too!

bad French-"Musseer le proprietor!"

It was like music in the innkeeper's ears.

"A customer, and an American!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Oui, monsieur!" he responded delightedly. "I am very tired," Charlie explained

upon that obvious fact. "I desire a chamber with-a bed, immediately." "Oul, monsieur-I have a very good room, on the mezzanine floor-excel- little of the American-what you call lent for monsieur! . . . Ten francs

"Ten?" said Charlie. "Cheap enough!

And while little Jeanne went to preare the room for him, he th self into a chair and cast a paper parcel-his sole baggage-upon the table in front of him. Beyond a few fresh they'll leave you alone." collars its contents were negligible.

"I want to go to my room now," to the world." Unconsciously he had lapsed into his own vernacular. And then he realized that a Belgian innkeeper in a country town could by no manner or means comprehend him. "Oh, how the devil do you say 'I want to go to my room' in French?" he groaned.

"But I speak English, sir," the innkeeper interposed. He had a decided accent, it was true. But to Charlle Brown's ears the words were as grateful as the sound of a rippling brook upon a hot summer's day.

"You do? Why didn't you say so? he demanded.

"Pardon me, sir!" the politic innkeeper begged him. "But so many Americans like to exhibit their knowledge of French that I have found it wisest never to speak English to an American until I am asked."

"Say-how did you know I was an American?" Charlie asked him with sudden suspicion. He would have liked to know just what it was about his appearance that seemed to stamp him as a Yankee, no matter where he went. "Oh! I could tell at once.

The voice, the manner. . . . Oh! I cannot explain. . . . It is a something," Christophe groped, "an airone can never mistake it."

Mr. Brown grinned at him. "Right there with that French 'gaff," aren't you?" he said.

Henri Christophe smiled. "Ah, m'sieu, I understand," he exclaimed, nodding his head sagely, "But

you do me an injustice. I do not flatter. I speak the truth." All at once the American remembered that he was a newspaper man.

"Well, then, have you seen anything of a war around here?" he asked. "No, sir!"

"Neither have I!" Charlle volunteered. "And I've been looking for it for a week." "Oh, there will be no war here,"

Christophe assured him. "It is always like this-just our peaceful little village! We harvest our crops; we brew some beer; we make a little winegood wine. Monsieur shall sample it and see," he added parenthetically. him more. "We go to church on Sunday, we live and die in the quiet sunshine. . . There will be no war here."

Charlie Brown did not like to break rudely in upon the good man's placid dream. But at the same time he saw were coming-as he believed-he con-"And what do you suppose she is do- sidered it as well that the innkeeper

should be prepared for it as well as might be.

"But they say the Germans are com-

ing through Belgium," he ventu.~1. Henri Christophe picked up the checkerboard that the two peasants had used to amuse themselves, and

placed it upon the counter. "Ah, no, m'sieu! And even should they, our people are good people. They will not touch us," he said as optimistically as he could.

"Well-I hope not," Charlie agreed. "But at least I'd like to see some of the beggars. It's d-d irritating to look for a war and not be able to find it." He rose stiffly from his chair and strolled to the cigar counter. "Got anything to smoke?" he asked, leaning over the glass case. The innkeeper fumbled inside the showcase and laid his wares out for his guest's inspec-

"Gosh, Peter!" Mr. Brown exclaimed in delight. "And a real cigar counter,



"Great Scott! You!" He Cried.

Where on earth did you get as Mr. Brown called to him in very that?"

> "Oh, I was in New York," the other told him proudly. "I educated my daughter there. I was a waiter at the Beaux Arts."

> Charlie Brown stuck his hand out. The Beaux Arts was one of his special weaknesses.

"Greetings!" he exclaimed. "And you -though he scarcely needed to dilate brought this with you?" He looked almost lovingly upon that familiar contrivance of oak, glass and nickel.-

"I had wished to introduce here a it?-enterprise. And this year I had hoped to purchase a book to registration in, and little boxes behind for the letters and the keys," Christophe added. "But business has not been good," He sighed.

"You're a good sort, old man!" Charlie told him. "I hope if they do come,

"I hope so, m'sieu," the innkeeper answered. And he breathed a silent Charlie informed his host. "I'm dead prayer that the Germans would not

come that way. At that moment a lady in white entered from the street and started across the room toward a door that led to the chambers above.

"Bonjour, madame!" Christophe said politely. It was his mysterious lodger. And since she paid well, there was every reason why he should be affable to her. "Bonjour!" the young woman an-

swered. She did not recognize her fellow guest until he approached with outstretched hand. "Great Scott! You!" he cried, scarce

believing his own eyes. Ethel Willoughby-for it was shecould not do otherwise than pause. She

stared at Charlie Brown. "How do you do, Mr. Brown?" she said. Her manner was nervous, constrained. But Charlie Brown did not notice that in his surprise. He took her hand with undisguised delight.

"Imagine meeting you here!" he said with great good-humor. "I suppose I ought to say, 'This is a small world after all."

Henri Christophe had witnessed their unexpected meeting with all the interest of a curious-minded resident of a small village. It pleased him, more over, that his newly found friend from New York already knew his feminine lodger.

"Ab, m'sleu knows Madame de Lorde! That is good, good," he murmured, as he beamed upon them both

Charile Brown looked first at Henri Christophe-then back at Ethel again. And an expression of bewilderment spread over his face. "Madame de Lorde?" he said to her

"Yes, yes!" she answered impatient ly. And he perceived then that sh was decidedly ill at ease. But all that

questioningly.

escaped the pleased innkeeper. "And now I myself will prepare din ner," Christophe announced. "Perhap: you and madame will dine together,'

he told Mr. Brown. "Why, yes, sure-if madame will," Charlie agreed promptly. So far as be was concerned, nothing could please

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Do you believe that Brown will discover for nimself the truth about Madame de Lorde, and do you think he will join his friends in their spying work? \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WHILE AT WAR

Wemen Suffer at Home.

ST. BERNARD, OHIO. - "Five years ago, while passing through the critical time of life, I was about given up by all the doctors, but

they told me that probably an opera-tion would benefit me, so my husband called a specialist; he said I was too far gone to operate—that I had about two weeks to live.

I had been advised by a friend to try Dr. Pierce's Lemedies, and as a last resort I sent for the 'Favorite Prescrip-tion' and 'Lotion Tablets.' After a faithful use of the medicines I am, after

five years, a living monument to God's mercy and Dr. Pierce's Medicines.

"My daughter and I are now both taking the 'Medical Discovery' for the lungs. I have taken three bottles and the pain in my lung has ceased and the cough is gone. I intend to keep on taking it. I thank God that I heard of these medicines; the 'Discovery' is also helping my daughter." — Mrs. Alica Watson, 313 Cleveland Avenue.

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Wilson, 715 Broadway.

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Subject to Amendment.

"Spike told me last night that he had never loved anybody else, and would love me, and me alone, as long as life lasts; just like that!" said a waitress in the rapid fire restaurant.

"Hoh! He told Goldle the same

thing before they were married," returned another waitress. "Aw, yes! But that was almost a year ago."-Kansas City Star.

A single application of Roman Eye Bai-sam on going to bed will prove its merit for inflammations of the Eyes, external and in-ternal. Adv.

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half the fun he thought they were going to be.

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One lady can call another "dearlo"

Why That Lame Back?

and make it sound like a swear word.

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T. B. Redd, Cadiz, Ky., says: "I had to get up often at night to pass the kidney secretions and mornings I was all worn out. Intense pains darted through my back and hips and I could hardly straighten. I h a d dizzy spells, too, and of t e n staggered. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and best of all, I haven't had any need of a kidney medicine

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